

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of prime nature,
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute:
No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this Temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soule
Growes wide withall: perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soile nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his will; but you must feare
His greatnesse wa'd, his will is not his owne.
He may not, as unvalued persons doe,
Crave for himselfe; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head: then if he saies he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to beleieve it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the maine voice of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his songs,
Or loose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaistred importunitie.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
And keep you in the reare of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire:
"The chariest maid is prodigall enough,
If she unmaske her beauty to the Moone:
"Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes;
"The canker galls the infant of the Spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,

And

Prince of Den

And in the morne and liquid
Contagious blastments are m
Be warie then, best safety lyes
Youth to it selfe rebells thou

Ophel. I shall the effect of
As watchmen to my heart: I
Doe not as some ungracious
Shew me the 'steep and thorn
Whiles a puffed and rechelesse I
Himselfe the primrose path of
And reakes not his owne reed

Laer. O feare me not;
I stay too long: but here my f
A double blessing is a double
Occasion smiles upon a secon

Polo. Yet here *Laertes*? ab
The winde sits in the shoulde
And you are staid for. There
And these few precepts in th
Look thou character: Give t
Nor any unproportion'd thou
Be thou familiar, but by no m
Those friends thou hast and t
Grapple them unto thy soule
But doe not dull thy palme w
Of each new hatcht, unfledg
Of entrance to a quartell, bu
Bear't that th'opposer may be
Give every man thy eare, bu
Take each mans censure, but
Costly thy habit as thy purse
But not exprest in fancy; rich
For the apparell oft proclaim
And they in *France* of the be
Are of a most select and gene
Neither a borrower nor a le
For love oft loses both it selfe
And borrowing dulls the edg